

A LESSON.
the pleasures of a bars, enjoyed the cup to the last, new song was so suddenly
lips, and yet her brand new ten dollar bill, And
she had not advanced
the artist, not a
was at the matter?" he said, his face
at the faint sound, and his mouth
not, perhaps, was together in what those who
and surround him but little called an "obstinate"
that came to pass, "now what is it?"
Betty's heart stood still. Had it come
more delicate world, and could
worse than the corners of her red lips, stop
when he suddenly, tossed her head with a
and the voice, no ways conciliating, sent out
old growth. "You needn't insinuate that
her. She went away's troublesome!"
more and then to put
as though her voice was harsh, and the eyes that
had been to down into hers were not pleasant
which should
t, without any if you think, John Peabody, that
shutter was laid and have such things said of
darkened her mind; miss your guess—that's all!"
life; the heat of Betty, with big red spots coming
bowed her cheeks as she tried to draw her
aces danced up to its utmost dimension.
I of pleasure "Forever insinuating! I guess
love's good. I couldn't have said that before I married
changed to you! Oh, now you can, of course!"
pid loan't you say it first, I'd like to
rs; Erato w—cried John in great excitement,
her life long ago
"wife," who was gazing at him;
there placing eyes of indignation; "I
ill be glad to endure everything."
there will be if you bear more than I do,"
right to, wholly beyond control now,
light has gone then I'll give it up," and she gave
the eyes of her little laugh and tossed her head
at large s—

remembered here they were in the midst of
the old man's care! These two who but a year
ago had promised to love and protect
each other through life.

now, said John, and he brought his
down with such a bang on the floor
before him that Betty nearly slipped
out of her little shoes, only she con-
sidered the start, for she would have died
she had John see it, "we'll have
of this nonsense!" His face was
pale, and the lines around the
so drawn that it would have gone
one's heart to have seen their ex-
-Hand

don't know how you will change it," said Betty, lightly, to con-
well-known dismay at the turn affairs had
for years. "I'm sure," and she pushed back
system of a saucy, indifferent gesture, the
so far waving hair from her forehead.

the public that John always smoothed
permitted he patted her when tired or dis-
eased, and called her "childie." Her
it is a pain struck to his heart as he glanced
at her, and the cool, indiffer-
ent air underneath, and before he knew
two school was saying, "There is no help for
that of us, yes, there is," said Betty, still in
neeting cool, calm way that ought not to
be with she deceived him. But men know so
of a way of women's hearts, although they
of about for years in the closest friendship.
on of course! needn't try to endure it, John Pea-
body. The way, if you don't want to. I sure I
the same!"

"So what do you mean?" Her husband
are finished her arms and compelled the
graphic brown eyes to look up to him.

lains made can go back to mother's," said Bet-
ter, are provokingly. "She wants me any
four to and then you can live quietly, and
phonograph to suit yourself, and it will be better
in obtain round."

Betty smiled, and twisted away from
his grasp. Running into the bedroom,
she presently returned, still smiling,
with a bundle rolled up in a clean towel.

This she put on her husband's knee,
who started at her wonderingly.

"I didn't mean," she said, unpinning the
bundle to let it out now, but Betty, and it
galled me because I couldn't."

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"Betty," said John, some half hour after-
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name, though Betty inwardly resented it; and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently, and woe a thousand times the "old maid" should walk!

But she never had—and now, scented dimly, like cinnamom after its prey, that trouble might come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do her work, as if devastation had really commenced.

"Been crying?" she said, more plainly than politely, and sinking down into the pretty chintz-covered rocking-chair with an energy that showed she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully.

"Only folks do that you and your husband don't live happily—but I know 'taint your fault."

Betty's heart stood still. Had it come this! John and she not to live happily! To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful sounds of words and hot tempers; but had it gotten around so soon—a story in everybody's mouth!

With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. So Miss Simmons, failing in that, was forced to go on.

"An' I tell folks," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words; "when they git to talkin', so you can't blame me if things don't go easy for you, I'm sure."

"You tell folks so?" repeated Betty vaguely and standing quite still. "What? I don't understand."

"Why, that the blame is all his," cried the old maid, exasperated at her strange mood and her dullness. "I say, says I, 'Why there couldn't one live with him, alone alone that pretty wife he's got? That's what I say, Betty. And then I tell 'em what a queer man he is, how cross, an—'

"And you dare to tell people such things of my husband?" cried Betty, drawing herself up to her extremest height, and towering so over the old woman in the chair, that as she jumped in confusion at the storm she had raised, and stared blindly into the blazing eyes and face rosy with righteous indignation, her only thought was how to get away from the storm she had raised, but could not stop. But she was forced to stay, and blocked up the way, so she slunk back into the smallest corner of it, and took it as best she could. "My husband!" cried Betty, dwelling with pride on the pronoun—at least, if they were to part, she would say it over lovingly as much as she could till the last moment; and then, when the time did come, why people should know that it wasn't John's fault—"the best, the kindest, the noblest husband that was ever given to a woman. I've made him more trouble than you can guess; my hot temper has vexed him, I've been cross, impatient, and—"

"Hold!" cried a voice; "you're talking against my wife!" and in a moment big John Peabody rushed through the door, grasped the little woman in his arms and folded her to his heart, right before old maid and all!

"Oh!" said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight, and setting her spectacles more firmly.

"And now that you have learned all that you can," said John, turning round to her; still holding Betty, "why—you may go!"

The chair was vacant. A dissolving vision through the door was all that was to be seen of the gossip, who started up the road hurriedly, leaving peace behind.

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A Story for the Boys.

Come, boys, I will tell you a story. How your eyes dance! You love to hear me talk. You are good boys. Well, I will tell you about George and James. They both wanted an apple. So James got up one dark night. He left his nice, warm bed. He went to Farmer Jones' orchard. He stole his apples. James was a very bad boy. I see by your bright faces that you think so, too. James did not fall and break his neck when he slid down the spout; a great stone did not fall on him when he climbed Farmer Jones' wall; Farmer Jones' great dog did not seize James in his cruel jaws and hold him till the farmer came out; and the farmer did not make James sick, and he did not pine away on a sick bed, and he was not laid away in the cold ground the next Sunday; and he did not give the minis-ter a chance to preach on the sin of stealing apples. No; James was a bad boy. He slid down the spout with so much as blistering his hands; he jumped over Farmer Jones' wall (that was the way the bad boys spoke of the good man), and when the dog came he rocked him into the stable. He filled himself full of apples; he filled his pockets and his hat, also. Then he went home and slept like a log. The good George would not do such a thing. Oh, no; he asked his pa-pa for some apples, and his dear pa-pa bought him a cent's worth of worm-y ones; the good George on-ly ate one. That night he dreamt he was a crook-neck squash; he thought the cur-cus-pro-ses with all the ele-phant, was walking over his abdomen. He lay in bed one week, and read nice little books about nice little boys who never could have lived, and little girls that nobody wants to see. The moral of this story, boys, is this: Once in a great while a bad boy has an un-ac-count-able run of good luck, and a good boy vice versa.—Boston Transcript.

PERMANENT PASTURE.—At one of the Michigan Farmers' Institutes Prof. Ingerson asked an essayist what he considered to be the value of permanent pasture for stock. The reply was, "I regard June grass and white clover as the very best pasture, and it yields the largest quantity per acre. I regard it as a mistaken idea that an old pasture should be ploughed; better put a harrow upon it and give it a top dressing of plaster." Another gentleman remarked that he had a piece of land that has been clovered thirty years; after one crop it was self-seeded; since that time it has been pasture. There are six acres of it, and it yields more than any other ten acres on the farm.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

PORTLAND, August 30, 1880.

Legal tenders in Portland, buying, par, and selling at par.

Silver coin in Portland banks quote at 1 per cent, discount to par.